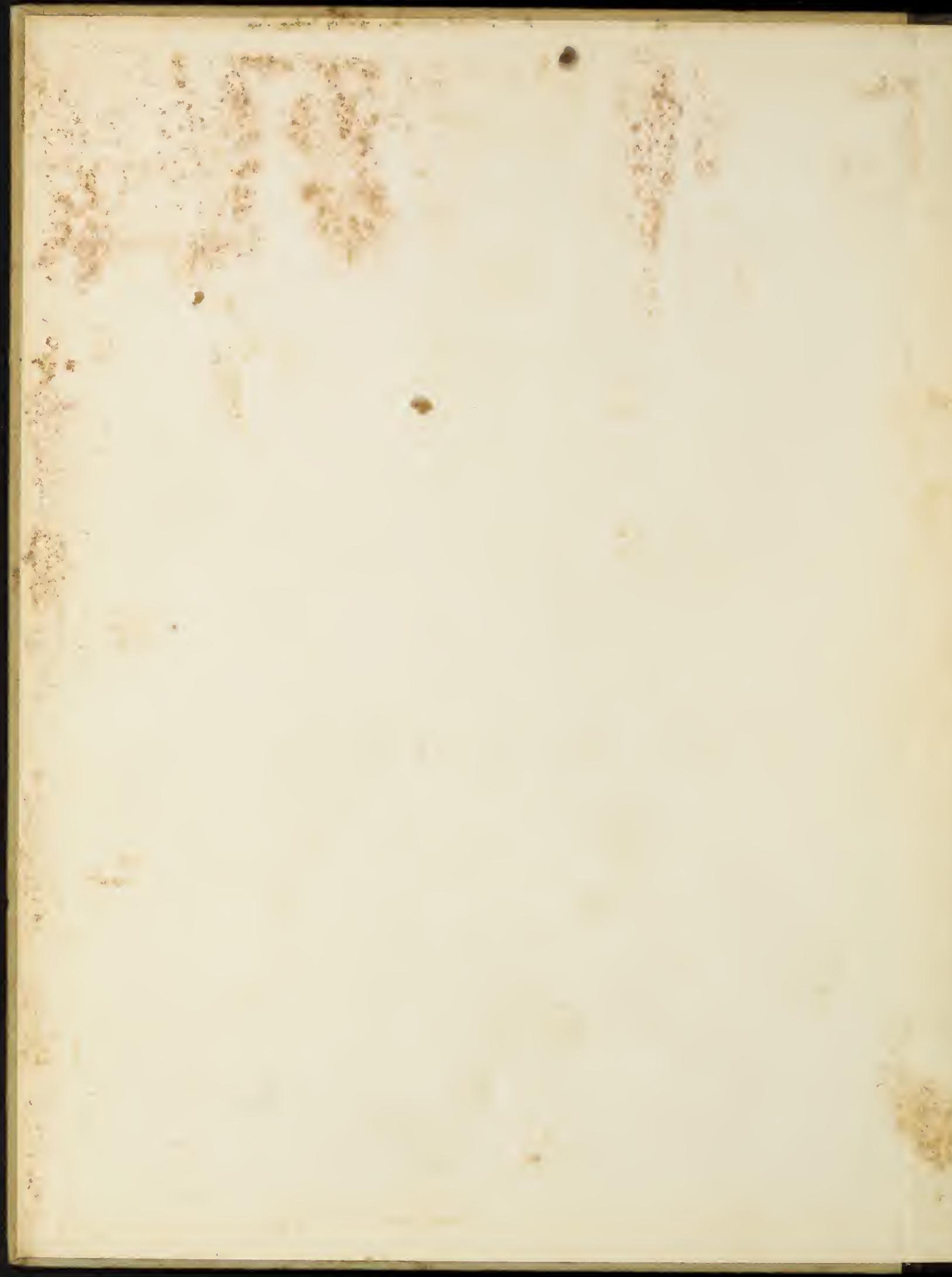


MSA



Annual  
'FORTY-TWO



Original Copy





MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF

*Art*  
**ANNUAL**



# Foreword

During the compilation of the 1941 YEAR BOOK our thoughts were directed toward Defense—defense against those brutal forces which were ravaging the citizenry and culture of Europe and Asia—defense for the day when we ourselves might be attacked.

The warnings of our better-qualified and clear-thinking leaders have become a reality. In this year of 1942 we are at war—a war in which we must all make a one hundred per cent effort to complete the objective of retaining and perpetuating our freedoms. Many of the normal and comfortable patterns of life, which we in America have come to accept with complacency as being inevitable, cannot help but disappear. We must adjust ourselves to the new tasks which are daily proclaimed as advisable and necessary by our Federal, State and Local Governments. As young members of a democratic society struggling for existence you must cultivate the powers to think clearly and to serve well. Not only is our physical being under attack, but we are confronted on many sides by emotional and mental challenges which must be faced honestly and with complete courage.

The faculty and administration of the Massachusetts School of Art pledge themselves to the responsibility of providing the best possible training for those who will go into active service and for those who must by circumstances serve on the home front. Our continual good wishes are with those of our ranks who are active in the military, naval, marine, and aviation branches of the United States fighting forces.

GORDON L. REYNOLDS, President

. . . To him whose creed is tolerance and order,  
Mr. Gavin, of the characteristic gait and ready  
humor, stern defender of the classics yet appreci-  
iative of the moderns: painter, scholar, teacher,  
friend, we make this

# *Dedication*

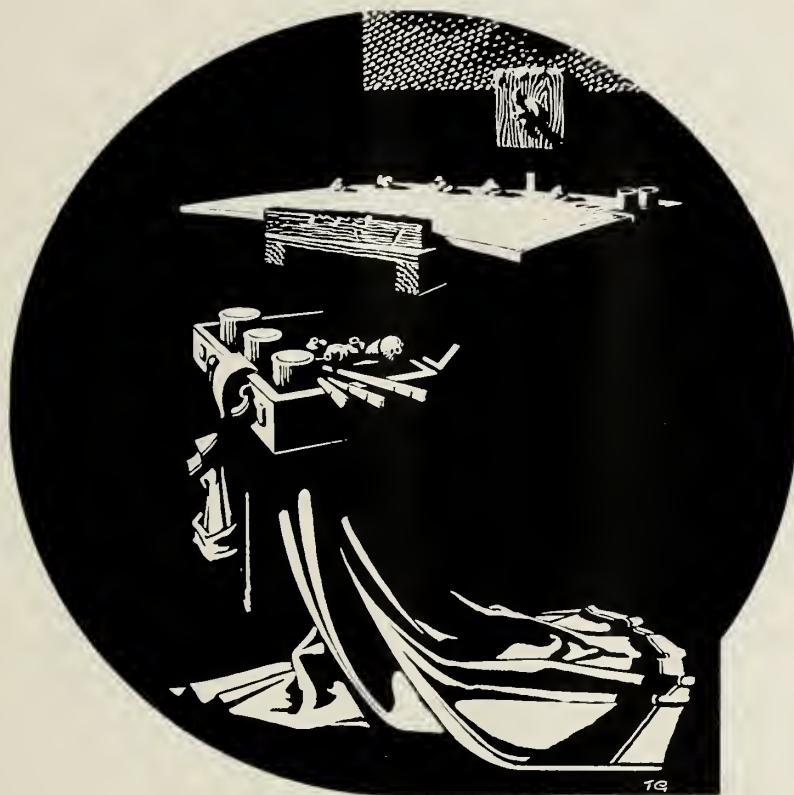


Patrick Gavin.

Drawing  
and  
PAINTING



*Drawing*  
*and*  
**PAINTING**



Ours was a year filled with greater knowledge and discoveries. We knew the quietness of hard work and the merriment of frequent rest periods. Together we were told "search to find the values" and "never fear chalkiness, for a painting is never too bright." New media were revealed and we experimented on gesso panels and fresco, and designed layout and airbrush spottings. In place of unstable art complexes, we found faith in our own expressions. It is a great tradition that we the "painters" have inherited; we have the foundation for a future success, the first step toward our goal.

VIRGINIA WENDELL





AMERICO DIFRANZA

ILLUSTRATION



MARJORIE GOODRICH

ILLUSTRATION

TEMPERA

THEODORE GIAVIS



DRAWING

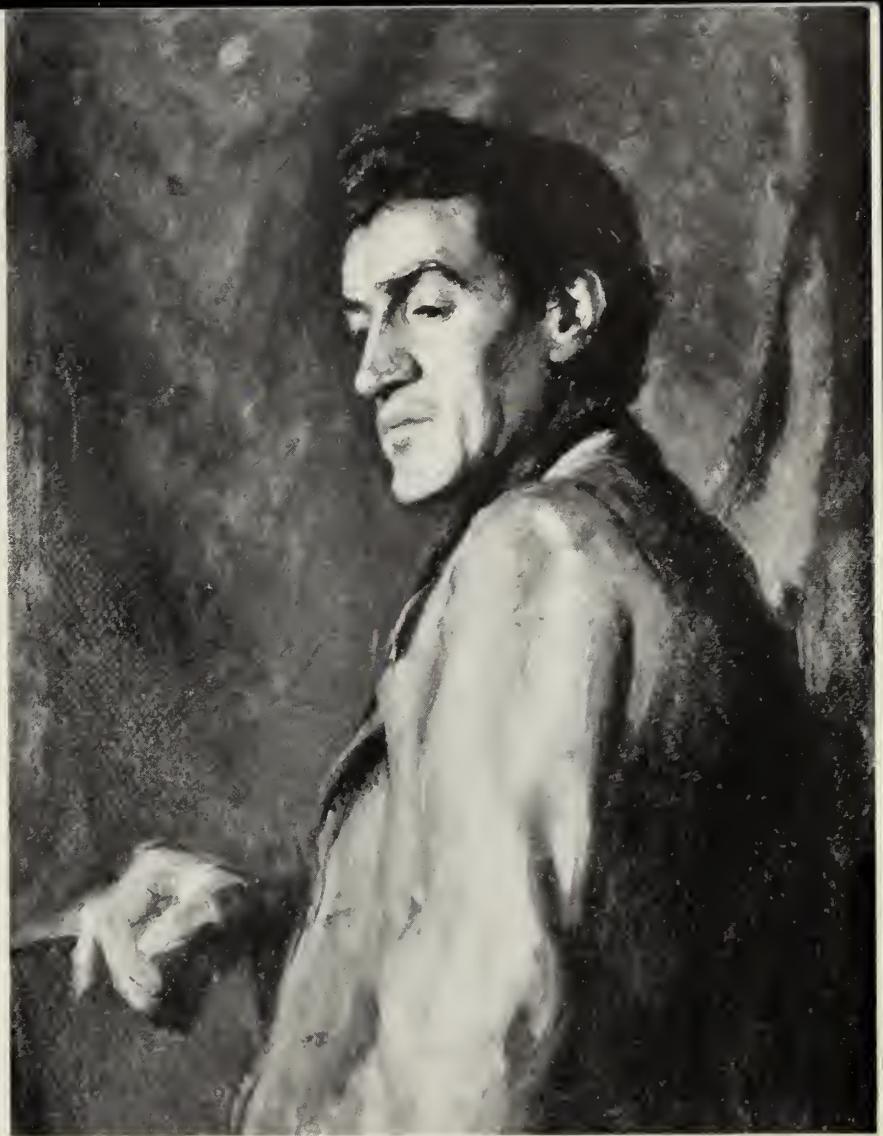
MURIEL KELLY





ILLUSTRATION

THEODORE GIAVIS



OIL

AMERICO DiFRANZA

TEMPERA

JOHN SAWYER



General  
DESIGN



General  
DESIGN



In past years the graduating classes never failed to report on the damper that the thoughts of job-hunting clamp on happy spirits. We're the first class of recent years to graduate with a war on, and Nancy still talks "baby," and Looey still quotes Ogden Nash. You may say, "But is that the spirit with which to enter a serious world?" Then we may reply, "We're armed to the teeth with picas, line plates, ideas, and a sense of humor." And now that the time approaches when we must untangle ourselves from our friskets, we find we've an argument to settle before we turn to industry to "prove" ourselves.



TED KRASNOBORSKI



BOOKLETS

EUGENE PHENNER  
LOIS EDMANDS  
ESTELLE WHITE  
ALFRED RUGGIERO  
ANDRE PAQUETTE  
JANICE HAYWARD

NEWSPAPER AD

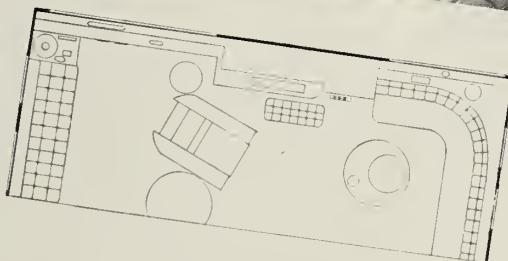
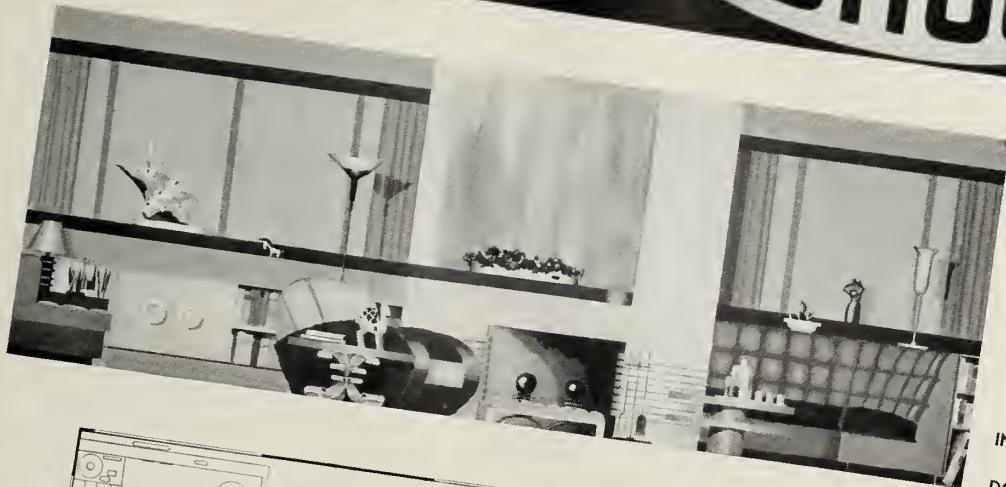
ANDRE PAQUETTE



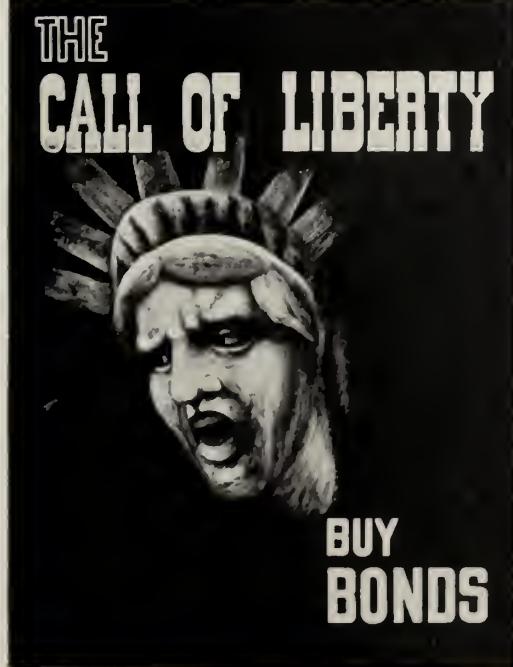
BOOK JACKET JOHN FULGONI



BOOK JACKET NANCY ORRELL



WAR POSTER



DISPLAY

EUGENE PHENNER

*Fashion*





*Fashion*



Our debut into our chosen field was made in our second year in that super-fashion show. Despite our "Sophomoredness," we weathered the storms of applause like troopers and went on to junior and senior shows with blasé faces and quaking hearts. We indulged in frank criticisms, enthusiastic reception of an idea, intimate tête-à-tête and hearty laughter. There was *Vogue* or *Harper's* and our B-4 lockers and singing, and trying to borrow a bobbin or a squirt of grippet, and drafting, draping, fitting and singing. And now it's time to compete in the industries and to cut and sew a place for ourselves in the world.

JOSEPHINE GABALIS



DESIGN FOR WAR

MARILYN MARGIL



COSTUME DESIGN

JOSEPHINE GABALIS

ACCESSORIES

MIRIAM CARPENTER



COSTUME DESIGN

LUCILLE FENTON



Orange brown silk  
crepe with bands  
of white brown  
orange brocade -  
Gown gathered in  
skirt front and over  
one shoulder - zipper  
opening at side

ILLUSTRATION



JOSEPHINE GABALIS

ART  
**EDUCATION**





ART  
**EDUCATION**



In a world so smeared with the scarlet of war, the teacher stands guardian of the constructive forces of mankind. As potential teachers, ours is a complex responsibility, for war with its emphasis on death and destruction is the antithesis of the philosophy of art. War destroys, art creates; and we are teachers of art. It is our responsibility to make of art a contribution to democracy in the practical sense as well as the aesthetic. We are the guardians of the art of the future and must see that the fires of hatred, death and destruction do not demolish the universal nobilities of man.

LLOYD SCHULTZ





IF A PARENT HAS ART INTERESTS HE WILL ENCOURAGE SIMILAR INTERESTS IN HIS CHILDREN

THE PARENT, SCHOoled IN THE NEW ART EDUCATION, HAS AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE ART OF TODAY

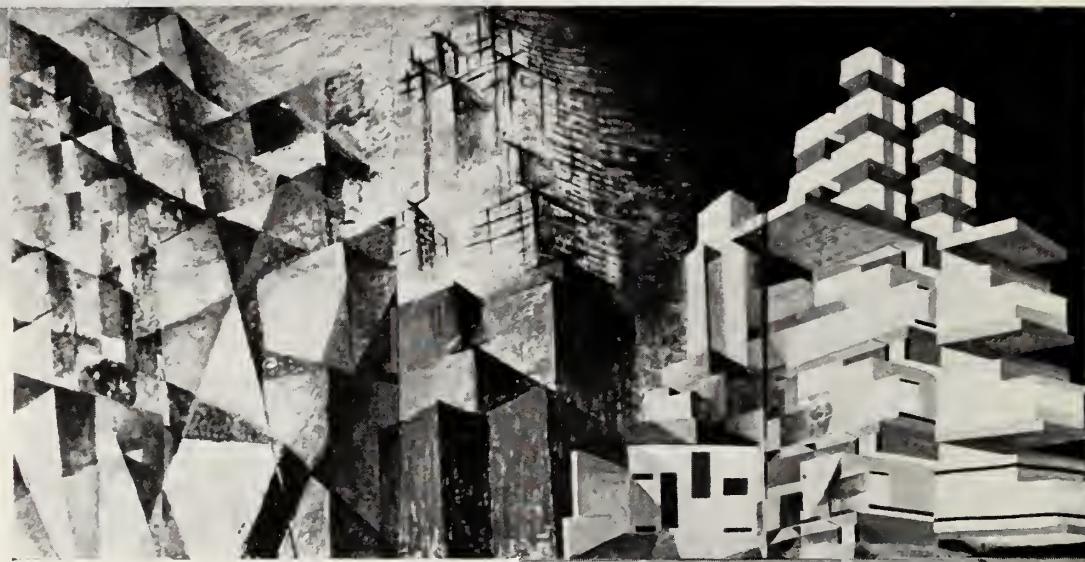
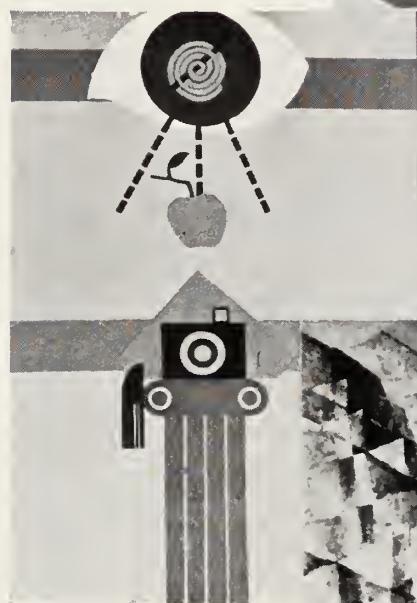


THE NEW ART EDUCATION

ITS BASIC PHILOSOPHY

CREATION

STUDIES OF LAYMAN NEEDS



HAIRDRESSER



ALI BRUNEAU  
JOSEPH COLETTA  
MICHAEL GOLDEN  
PRISCILLA GOODRIDGE  
HIRAM HAGGETT  
LOUISE MEYERS  
LLOYD SHULTZ  
ETHEL WATERMAN



HIS ART TRAINING  
FITTED HIM  
FOR IT



OPENING AS SGT. IN



## PROBLEMS



Modeling



Modeling



We have taken three new members to our lonesome bosom—Molly and Ginny and Henry. We've cast and patined and made piece molds and armatures and squeezes. We mingle in classes with the D.P.'s and talk glibly of three-dimensional creation, not merely three-dimensional representation. From Mr. Porter we've heard countless anecdotes, of Andrew O'Connor and of nefoons. From Mr. Dallin, we received succinct bits of encouragement with a characteristic "Give it more juice." We have had direction and opportunity in creating in the round; we've learned much, but we're experimenting in techniques and media.



VIRGINIA MOODY  
HENRY MOSCOWITZ  
MOLLIE RUBINSTEIN

# UNDERGRADUATE



CERAMICS CHARLOTTE ALBERTS



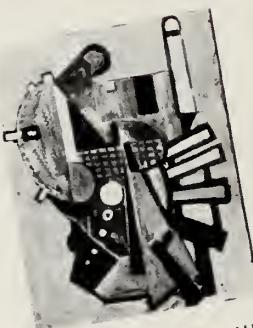
ETCHING WILLIAM APATOFF



DESIGN MILDRED BARTLETT



EXPERIMENTAL ROBERT FLANAGAN



OIL MARY MACHLUK

# WORK



BLOCK PRINT

VIRGINIA CUMMING



**KEEP  
MUM**

*—RUTH HOLT—*

U.S. REGIONAL DIRECTORS OFFICE — 1ST CIVILIAN DEFENSE

WAR POSTER

RUTH HOLT



WATERCOLOR

PHYLLIS RIEHL

JANET BAKER  
NATALE BELLANTONI  
ARTHUR COPPLESTONE  
SUMNER FINEBERG



CRAFTS

A THOUGHT OR TWO



o footstep stays sunken in the mound but is gone with the breath of the next wind, shiftless as the sands. Where rest your head in utter contentment in the coolness of wood-green or the tallness of grass-green? In what land, at what time? Upheaval is everywhere, quiet nowhere. Peace and stability evading our searching hands attain a star distance, a star dimness. But they do not escape from our sight entirely—they linger on the horizon like a bluebird to be captured by a world purged and purified.

So when the heavens and earth echo men's tortured voices, and we wildly want to stop our ears from ever hearing again, we must cling to something, hope for something, believe, have faith. We can't throw away our credos which to our despondency seem weightless as milkweed down and formless as fog. Some things must be real. Truth and Beauty and Love can't be just shadows; they must have substance. They couldn't have come to us without the breath of life and fire of being. They have lived longer than the cynics.

We must take ourselves seriously, and what we are doing. We must, or we are doomed. Courage and idealism aren't obsolete unless we make them so. We must find shelter for our spirits as well as our bodies when destruction hovers, otherwise our bodies are useless.

We can't say to our creative powers and aesthetic senses, "Listen, there's a war going on. A big, terrible war. You don't matter as much as you did, and we can't be bothered with you now." We can't say it,

because it's not true. War doesn't blot out a surging Beethoven movement or the blueness of sky or the whiteness of snow or the rhythm of dancers or the smoothness of jade. These things are everlasting as time, and laugh in the face of man's Now and problems of Now. Neither should war blot out the artist's desire to create.

If beauty has its place in the world, then surely it must follow that the artist who interprets beauty must have his place. Let him be like music and color and rhythm. Let him defy transitory things and look to the day beyond and coming.

Perhaps, you listen to all this and say "rubbish" or "ridiculous" or worse. But if you take the long-range view, you see that man, in succeeding ages, has overcome the stumbling blocks which at one time seemed insurmountable. Dread plagues, the serfdom of the Middle Ages, negro slavery have been erased by man's efforts, but only by men of vision and of hope; never by men of vacant-eyed despair. So we must retain some vestige of sentiment about the salvation of the good in the world. And the good is handmaiden of the beautiful.

The Oriental poet said

"Look at the raindrop

It is very beautiful."

Let's not look at the raindrop and see glistening through it the bad, bad world. Let's not be Pollyanna optimistic or Nietzsche pessimistic. Let's be like the Oriental and see the pure beauty of a raindrop.

ESTELLE WHITE

## BURNT FINGERS

As when a match is struck, the vivid flame  
Flares forth in sudden, tapering excellence;  
But only cursory magnificence,  
For soon it leaves with mute predestined aim  
The swollen blue-tipped head whence it came,  
Revealing there the bent, black evidence,  
The twisted stick. Then trembling in suspense  
It slowly fades; and all becomes the same.  
And so it is with us. We snatch the best  
Part first; then fretting for the part to come,  
Complaining of our destinies, those bringers  
Of good and bad, we let our interest  
Grow cool; yet cling in mock delirium  
Too long—receiving for our pains burnt fingers.

CALVIN BURNETT

## MAN

Children are egoists.  
They live by themselves and in themselves  
And for themselves;  
They are secretive, self-centered  
Aloof.  
And yet—for all of this—  
They depend  
On others  
For their very being.

Man is but a child  
Full grown—  
A being, wholly unto himself,  
Yet dependent on others  
For his life.  
And more than this—  
He knows that he must be  
Forever  
His brother's keeper.

GERTRUDE MAXIM

SALLY

Sally Abercrombie Allerton

Had corn yellow hair and azure blue eyes.

Everyone thought she had everything to live for

Except her Aunt Rebecca—who was an invincible pessimist.

Sally's mother sent her to art school.

Sally got along fine until she had to draw—

She couldn't draw.

She became discouraged

At not being encouraged.

She considered all sorts of wild escapes—

Like becoming a lab technician

Or joining the Women's Defense Corps

Or even leaving the country.

Then she discovered something:

She was a genius at non-objective, non-representational art.

From there on it was smooth sailing.

Whenever she couldn't draw,

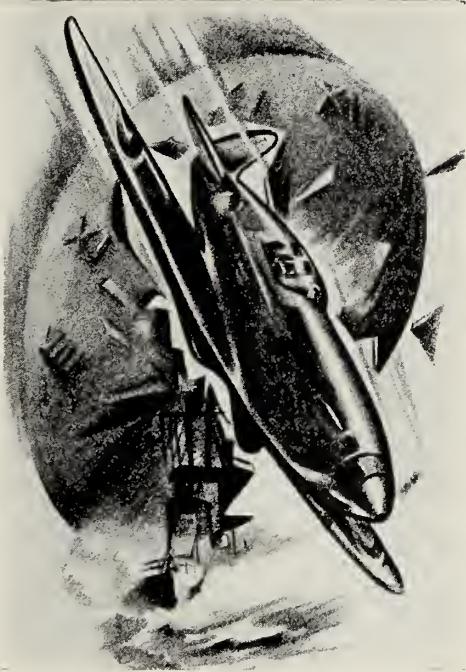
She non-objectivized and non-representationalized.

She grew up and became a success in the art world,

And had the last laugh on people like Aunt Rebecca

Who were pessimists.

ESTELLE WHITE



## CHALLENGE

The drums of war have thundered nearer and nearer and now they are pounding in our ears. It has been hard for many of us to understand the full meaning of total war, but the new way of life before us is a stern challenge that must be met. As citizens, as artist-teachers, designers, and painters we have important duties to per-

form. At M.S.A. we have been constantly trying to meet these duties.

Before Christmas, an emergency Red Cross First Aid Corps was established under the leadership of Mrs. Whittet. Classes were soon organized for both beginners and advanced first aiders. Instructors were Dean Murray and Mrs. Whittet, both of whom studied along with other members of the faculty in a course given at the school during the December vacation. First Aid certificates were made a degree requirement for all Teacher Trainers, and the seniors took the course under the instruction of Miss Nye.

President Reynolds and a group of faculty men and students completed the A.R.P. training and were assigned posts throughout the building. Some students volunteered for lookout duty on the roof, while others were trained as stretcher bearers. The Costume Designers made felt arm bands for the Red Cross group, the wardens, and the stretcher bearers, and asbestos gloves for the wardens to use when fighting

incendiary bombs. Frequent rehearsals were held to test the system of bell warning, the evacuation of all students from the studios to the A corridor in the center of the building, and the efficiency of the special workers in carrying out their duties.

After our February vacation, we were asked to "produce the goods." Much of our work was put on an emergency basis, with many students put on special jobs. Offensive and defensive posters showed graphically the many phases of our war effort. Students worked on propaganda pamphlets of various types, as well as instructive charts showing proper use of the flag and construction of various bombs. Still others worked on war games for children, and the problems of camouflaging buildings and factories and the rebuilding of bombed buildings. Special classes in map-reading and drafting were held after school. Teacher Trainers, realizing the excitement that war brings to children, let them express this excitement in a sane creative way, free from unwanted fear and panic, by painting illustrations of air raid rules, and by designing arm bands and insignia, and war posters.

Many of our M.S.A. men are now with the armed forces. We are confident that these forces will do their part, but in total war much of the responsibility falls on the civilians. Unless we accept the sacrifices and changes that must be made in our lives, we shall know the shame and suffering that have broken many lives in many parts of Europe. There can be no place in our lives for complacency or wishful thinking if we are to win the victory upon which everything we hold dear depends.

PRISCILLA GOODRIDGE

## M S A IN THE SERVICE

In addition to the work we've been doing at Mass. Art for national defense, we've made even a greater contribution of men. Below is a partial list as of April 1 of our men who are in the various branches of service.

### CLASS OF '41:

Richard Chase, U. S. Army  
Louis Dufault, U. S. Army  
John Hatch, U. S. Army  
Gould Hulse, U. S. Army  
Bradford Lang, U. S. Air Corps  
Francis Le Blanc, U. S. Army  
Ernest Mandeville, U. S. Army  
Vincent Porta, U. S. Army  
Allyn Sternlof, U. S. Army  
Percy Van Dyke, U. S. Army  
David Quint, U. S. Merchant Marine

### CLASS OF '42:

Alf Braconier, U. S. Army  
Thomas Bruneau, U. S. Army  
Robert Filbin, U. S. Army  
Andre Paquette, U. S. Army  
William Gunn, U. S. Marines

### CLASS OF '43:

Gordon Anderson, U. S. Army  
William Candy, U. S. Air Corps  
Walter Jones, U. S. Marines

Norman Palmstrom, U. S. Marines

### CLASS OF '44:

Joseph Lombardi, U. S. Army  
Phillip Duvarney, U. S. Air Corps

ARTIST? ★ ★ ★ MIGHT CALL IT THAT

When I was a kid I used to love to draw things—couldn't draw a straight line now, though. ★ ★ ★ Really? ★ ★ ★ Yuh. But I knew a fellow once and say, was he good! He could draw anything. He drew a picture of my wife once—in a couple of minutes, too. It looked just like her and he never took a lesson in his life. ★ ★ ★ Got a match?

Go to school? ★ ★ ★ Hm. ★ ★ ★ Where? ★ ★ ★ Mass. Art. ★ ★ ★ Mass. Art? Mass. Art—Oh! yeah, that's over there somewhere. Do you like to draw? ★ ★ ★ Well, I go to art school. ★ ★ ★ Do you have live models over there? ★ ★ ★ Some ★ ★ ★ Nudes? ★ ★ ★ Hm. ★ ★ ★ Don't they wear anything? ★ ★ ★ No. ★ ★ ★ Aren't you embarrassed? ★ ★ ★ Why should I be; it's very impersonal. ★ ★ ★ Oh.

How long have you been going to school? ★ ★ ★ Third year. ★ ★ ★ Do you draw all day? ★ ★ ★ Mostly. ★ ★ ★ What are you gonna be when you get out? ★ ★ ★ Well, I don't know exactly. ★ ★ ★ Are you taking commercial art? ★ ★ ★ No—commercial art is all right but I take Fine Arts—you know, drawing and painting. ★ ★ ★ You mean you just paint pictures all the time! ★ ★ ★ Sorta ★ ★ ★ No money in that! ★ ★ ★ Maybe so, but it's what I like.

Well, I knew you were a real artist, first off. You look like one somehow. ★ ★ ★ Could I have another match? ★ ★ ★ Sure. Here—say, is that a water painting? ★ ★ ★ Water color. ★ ★ ★ Oh. That looks just like that tree over there. Is that what it's supposed to be? ★ ★ ★ Yes. ★ ★ ★ Finished already? ★ ★ ★ Yes. ★ ★ ★ Oh . . . Gosh, it's 3.30. Gotta go now. Say, here's the matches. You might need them. Well—bye. ★ ★ ★ Good-bye.

MARJORIE McKOWEN  
NANCY FOWLE

## DEMOCRACY AND THE NEW ORDER

Man has had his outer armor torn from him—the rusty, decadent protection of indifference and complacency that binds and hinders true freedom. In its place is revealed a new and shining armor, not one of iron or steel, but one woven with the strands of faith, hope and perseverance, a material stronger than any metal and one impervious to the assaults of intolerance, hatred and greed.

In a short space of time the world has become a much smaller place. Even the vastness of oceans seems insignificant as man joins brother man in the fight for freedom. In the home, the shop, the shipyards, the munition plants there is a fervor. The cry is speed, speed, speed! Hasten the wheels of production! Beat the Axis! Destroy the Dictators!

But underlying the excitement and turmoil of war is a deadly, steady calm. This is not an America of the last World War, but a stronger America, a nation of deliberate, intelligent folk, a strong people who know that the result of this struggle will be the guiding factor in the world of tomorrow, the New Order. What will this be? Will it be an order of peacefulness and sanity? Will it demand sacrifices on the part of the victors? Will it bring freedom from hate, fear and failure? Will it be founded on truth—the basis of all freedom? It is well to think of these things, for often in battle the cause is forgotten and plans for reorganization laid aside. Let it not be so.

Every good man is in this, every woman, every child, every soul within whose heart beats the love of freedom. All will know the pangs of bitterness and heartbreak. It is to be so. No great victory was ever won without sacrifice and grief, but man can never know true happiness until sorrow has found its way into his heart. This is not a time for thought of one's self,—rather the whole of mankind. Is it possible for each individual to be that unselfish? It is a necessity or the struggle is in vain!

Then lift up your hearts, America! Fling high the banner of Democracy, for in it is the salvation of the world. Let no man avoid his task, for it is all or none. What is a life if one cannot lose it? What good a faith or creed if one is not willing to give his life for it? What good a victory with dishonor?

No man is a unit by himself, but rather a part of all mankind. Just as one grows in stature by reaching for the stars or what is just beyond, so man grows rich in understanding by reaching out and clasping his brother's hand. United be the cry! The creed is faith, hope and perseverance in the right. The world of the future is being made. It must be the best there is.

BOB FILBIN, 1942. U. S. Army

## SYMPHONY IN FOUR YEARS

### ANDANTE

Green as green as green,  
And everything high and above . . .  
And the longing for doing . . . belonging.  
And then there was May,  
And the ivy only was  
Green as green as green.

### ALLEGRO

Faster and faster and fast,  
And hazier now, but still high.  
New gods where the old ones had trod.  
And now on the left a new thunder. . . .  
Choose . . . choose . . . choose . . . you must choose. . . .  
You must choose as the others have chosen. . . .  
Faster and faster and fast.

### SCHERZO

We are bits . . . unassembled . . .  
Partitioned . . . initialed . . . dispersed.  
Brush and burin . . . or needle and scissors.  
Small scope now . . . short rope now.  
And why? Well, career is  
A word of few letters.

### FINALE

All color and softness is where?  
Behind us . . . beyond us? . . . to be?  
Must it be and be gone?  
We are old, and our world is awry,  
As are all worlds.  
But yet the ranks close . . . clay, canvas,  
And leather and fabric . . . no longer apart  
We are one now.  
We move . . . toward everything high. . . .  
With a longing for doing, belonging . . .  
And there shall be May.

RUTH LEYDEN HEALEY

# Album

Remember, the password back to our carefree days, the keyword to almost forgotten memories. A familiar face and a few written words bring to mind four years of dreaming like philosophers and working like Trojans; of gay days of sketching outdoors and Christmas spreads; that certain way that our paint twisted itself into a tortured scroll on our palettes, and the pungent odor of turpentine; those rest periods that were a four-year course in friendship. How seldom was there idle chatter. With all the fervor and pathos of youth we discoursed on life, love, art, and ambition. Our joy was tremendous and our pride justifiable. Let us forget war and lust and sham and treachery and for a while just remember.

BARBARA KIRKPATRICK

CLASS OF

*forty-two*

Freshman! What a satisfying word—nom de plume of all of us in 1938. Afraid of being too eager, yet, for all our decoys, our naiveté plainly showed. Green smocks and greener intellects, Nofretete and color wheels, our duck and the hurricane, all put the mark of Freshman on us.

Freshman: new worlds to conquer, convictions concerning art defended with stern determination one week and opposed with equal vehemence the next. Europe a mess—but no concern of ours. America—the land of the free and the home of the brave, but an entity unto itself.

And then we were Sophomores, still eager, but now conscious that high spirits alone cannot carry one to the top. Determined to paint more vigorously, draw more vitally, and design more superbly than ever before. To some, creating three dimensionally seemed most satisfactory; others chose



to teach, and to paint, and still others to design. Separated in our individual groups, we were united by a common bond.

1940 found us Juniors, part visionary but more realist; Dunkirk and all the rest getting closer and closer home. Juniors, taking Picasso and structural design in our stride, defenders of the individual opinion no matter what. Juniors, looking forward to being—

Seniors, in 1941. Painting, studying, exhibit-going, playing together, over a period of four years, we evolved, by a process more or less painful, from embryonic grownups to full-fledged adults. In short, we became men and women. The "foreign policy" ceased to be mere words; it became an actuality. The world chaos is real and near—war is here. Our personal desires and ambitions must be put aside and our energy used for common good. Through the pattern of all history, order has emerged from chaos, and from evil has come good. Now, more than ever, thought is our duty, and reason must be such as to leave no opportunity for hysteria. As mature beings we realize that only in an American way of life lies happiness for us, and such a life can be possible only if we stand a united, determined people.

GERTRUDE MAXIM



## SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

AMERICO DiFRANZA  
THOMAS BRUNEAU  
JANET CROCKER  
GERTRUDE MAXIM

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

Due to some of the officers of the various classes and organizations leaving for the armed service, new officers were elected to replace them.

ELECTED MARCH, 1942

JANET CROCKER  
ELECTRA VLAHOS  
TED KRASNOBORSKI  
GERTRUDE MAXIM

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER



AMERICO DiFRANZA—Strictly genius, with a ready laugh and remarkable tolerance. Here was our Rico—endowed with such rare gifts as kindness and humor which transcended many an imposition. We could truly find in him that quality called greatness.



THOMAS BRUNEAU—Our Minute Man, always armed to the teeth with ideas for Mascart, committees, dances; and always smiles when we mention Aili. Hospitalized with a bunged-up knee shortly after going in the army. Is that better or worse than drilling, Tom?



JANET CROCKER—Lured from the D. P.'s, our "Buzz-face" proceeds to oblige with "Valse Triste" on the lunch period piano or her last common pin. Whole-hearted enthusiasm and a ready smile. Yearns to be a glamour girl and doesn't realize that she is one.



GERTRUDE MAXIM—She has a frivolous curly knob, but, oh, is she efficient! That gleam in her eyes is not artificial light—it's a reflection of future plans. She sticks a finger in every pie and pulls out some luscious plums. The gal is good goods.

.... Rico .... Tom .... Jan .... Max ..

# ... Miriam . . Louise . . Joan . . Lois . . . .



MIRIAM SQUIRES ABRAMS—Two rings on that third finger, left hand, and Ralph. Another refugee from the D. P. department, with a masterful technique in display-size drawings. Has an engaging one-sided smile and is forever getting tangled in yarn or baby-talk.



LOUISE ANTONELLIS—Sophistication enhanced by liquid brown eyes. Gentle shadows suggest a da Vinci madonna; red silk jersey and old Florentine jewelry; mystery girl with a twinkle. Decidedly on the smooth side, with work in the top brackets, too.



JOAN AEPALER—Versatility plus, energy plus, anything from impossible French to building a kitchen shelf. Wit and half-wit, super problems done in jig-time, and night school shorthand classes, spontaneous quips, unearthly sounds . . . enfant terrible.



LOIS KINDLER BARKER—Oh, well, we may as well be resigned to it; she's a bride, complete with two rings and a husband. A slick hair-do, tales of "Weesa" and a famous Uncle! A gal with a deep voice and an appearance as smart as the work she turns out.





VIRGINIA BARLOW—Ultra-feminine Ginny with her eager enthusiasm and quick-on-the-trigger ideas. Dirndl skirts, old rose velveteen, wasp waists and Slattery ads. Friday morning turbans discreetly camouflaging pin curls holding Friday night's hair-do.



NATALIE BAXTER—Her sparkling good nature is always a joy to us; her ambition constantly a surprise —she even worked in class! Comes by her talent honestly—her pop's a commercial artist. Has a yen for reds and a future centered around a diamond.



ALFRED BOTTARO—A model maker and lettering expert. Member of the BBK—others being Nat Burnett and Kras. Quiet industry gives way to a lifted eyebrow when questioned on the relative merits of the Conservatory of Music. Is it a piano or Toni?



ALI LAITALA BRUNEAU—Tiny and blonde, a fragile that proved that the teacher trainers are quite marriageable; she could do water colors good enough to make Mr. Kupferman rave. She is very much on the nice side, but Tom has priority rights.

..... *Ginny* .... *Nat* .... *Al* .... *Aili* ....

# *... Cal . . . Nat . . . Mimi . . . Mary . . . .*



CALVIN BURNETT—Boogie-woogie with a down beat, and expressive free verse; Cal, of the rollicking gait and the "Who me?" expression. With tongue in cheek he interpreted his musings, proclaiming them brilliant successes or "miserable failures."



NATALIE BURNETT—She boosted the G D morale considerably when she won that fifty-five dollar art contest. In her lighter moments she entertains with her underwater monologues; but she's made her mark in the outside world way ahead of the rest of us.



MIRIAM CARPENTER—So independent, habitually occupied and prompter than prompt. She glides over assignments and N. H. ski trails with the greatest of ease. Mimi's whole wardrobe slips off her own diligent needle, guided by a well-manicured hand.



MARY CHAMBERLIN—A "rahther" unusual girl, soft-spoken and fair of face; intelligence and efficiency that we respect and a good-natured tolerance that we admire. Yet she had her lighter moments when she could play "foolish" with the rest of us.





ANTONIETTA CHIAVARO — Frank and intensely sincere, our official warrior trots in punctually at nine-thirty with her little black bag. Talks of advertising data with a familiarity that we envy. Beautiful cheekbones, lustrous hair, and smart sketches.



PAULINE CRONIN — Bright, dark, dark eyes; a bit of a puzzle—a flash of an idea and her shyness was overcome—she says astounding things in a very soft voice; her grin is spontaneous and we like it a lot. We still wonder what is in that green bag.



LUISA DiMASSIMO — Pompadour, and worldly horn rims that fail to hide that gleam. Weeza of the frou-frou hats, French shoes and contagious laughter; and what those lower extremities do to Nylons. Our favorite reader-out-louder and fashion commentator.



DIANA DOLE — Red hair, diminutive waist—a piece of Concord's upper crust. Snap, zip, color; that's our Dee-Dee. One minute the azure sophisticate, the next a flashing dimple and unending stream of chatter, "Jerry almost got run over by a jeep."

.... *Ann . . Pauline . . Luisa . . Deedee . .*

... Looey ... George ... Rho ... Lulu ...



LOIS EDMANDS—Slacks and plaid shirts, a south-paw—small, but potent. As full of life as her action sketches. She reads Dorothy Parker and Ogden Nash, matches philosophy with Essy, comes in buried under materials. She ain't much but she's all ours.



GEORGE EISENBERG—"How like a winter hath my absence been"—and then came George—with the wind of Nahant still in his hair—and his seascapes. Faunlike ears and a Goliath build, he scattered puns with reckless abandon and daily reaped the Golden Bantam.



RHODA ELLIOTT—Sympathetic and co-operative, knitting needles out of hand only long enough to finish the latest problem—on time. Hand lotion, grated carrot sandwiches, Saturday night and a summer in Europe. A Symphony goer and glee club promoter.



LUCILLE FENTON—Our would-be physical educator, all-around athlete, and do-or-die social reformer. Quotes high school memory passages and fosters fun time in Norwood. Apt to pop a button if things don't run smoothly—of the MacKenzie-Fenton duo.





JOHN FULGONI—Our authority on boxtop programs, who came to school between operations. Has a laugh that doesn't bother with low or second gear and a sandwich for every rest period. Rhythmic designs and nifty color, otherwise "too suggestive."



JOSEPHINE GABALIS — Carrot-topped femme with more energy than a box of B-l's. Sparkling, witty, a face like Mickey Rooney, vitality plus. A genius with the brush on her *Prix de Paris* ideas. We'll remember her hair and that smock slung around her middle.



THEODORE GIAVIS—He came from the Merrimac Valley, to be another of our likeable virtuosi. Ted, a master of textures, slick pencil drawings, and "Anybody got any Mastic varnish?" His inevitable blush betrays his guilelessness.



MARJORIE GOODRICH—Tales of the "Fivvy" and witty remarks that belie her innocent eyes; sister, nurse, mother to us all, we exerted ourselves to amuse her. She would only raise one zombie eyebrow and invite us to have some soup, or was it turpentine?

..... Johnson . . . Jo . . . Teddy . . . Marge . . .

*... Pat . . . Hi . . . Dot . . . Jan . . . . .*



PRISCILLA GOODRIDGE—Another tall gal that puts the T.T.'s into the lively lady class, our candidate for model air raid warden; with us from the bitter beginning, and if those yards of yarn were knitted end to end around "him" we guess he's warm.



HIRAM HAGGETT—"Hi" and his old faithful brief case and that car, his guitar rendering of Clementine, his impersonations, and that meticulous lettering that was his trademark—always ready to tell of the week-end's escapade in that familiar slow drawl.



DOROTHY HARDCastle—Little and knowing and sympathetic; answered our kennel queries with an air of the sportswoman. Flower arrangements and fox terriers. She pronounced Dachshund with a familiar ease which left us trying to untangle our tongues.



JANICE HAYWARD—With quiet competence Jan tackles each baffling problem and soon untangles an answer. She designed the Commissioners' Christmas card with ease and dexterity. Dancing, skiing, and an absent-minded gaze whenever the fleet is in.





RUTH HEALEY—With more lines than a laundry, all of them funny, and a flair for philosophical poetry; though always ready for fun, she managed to do excellent work. She could have been a glamour girl but she preferred to be a clown and a T.T.

ALICE HILL—Recurrent periods of apartment antics and budget blues and always selling tickets—we vote her into the tall, dark and drastic class; she has more zip than a talon fastener, always rushing "somewhere" or looking for Nancy, "my roommate."



MURIEL KELLY—Candid, but with a camera—a click of the shutter and another picture of somebody doing what. Tousle-headed babies and Gene Autry record; and those photographs and etchings possessing a beautiful restraint that marked them apart.

BARBARA KIRKPATRICK—We think at once of the Army, burnished hair, Kirk arriving for lunch and 31 dates a month. Juggled words cleverly, did neat metal work and designs with zip (on the back of dance invites). A zest for life but intelligent, too!

.... Ruth . . . Hilli . . . Muriel . . . Kirk . . .

# *... Kras . . Dixie . . Annie . . Marion . . . .*



THADDEUS KRASNOBORSKI—"No-body loves me" he wails brokenheartedly, and with those fascinating eyelashes too. Joins any errant singer with a more errant basso profundo. In spite of the clown role, Kras keeps turning out the better stuff in class.



VIRGINIA LeVARN — Exclamations over a new idea or last Saturday night; catching trains and worrying about unbalanced budgets. The seventh little tailor, she thrives on Cheezits and dressmaker pins. Flirtatious, vivacious, and affectionately ours.

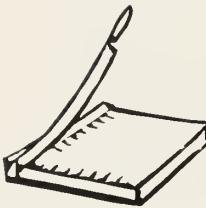


ANNIE MacDONALD—Arabesque "Thespianne" took the curtain call with theatrical poise. Black shadows laced in blue, Grecian profile and humor as subtle as the Scots. Round and round the radical rock she runs, throwing more coal on Mrs. Myers' fires.



MARION MacKENZIE—The other half of the MacKenzie-Fenton team. Tall, lanky, and extremely good-natured; when she worked, she worked hard, but took time enough out for relaxation or a sandwich. Always ready to expound the theories of "progressive Ed."





BERNICE MADOW—Soberly wielding a power-packed conté in life class, reminiscent of D.P. days, accompanying herself with deep-throated crooning between perpetual lunch periods. Her brush stroke is as flexible as her interpretation of the latest step.



CLAIRE MARCH—Claire is pink and blue, her complexion is pink and her eyes are blue. Conscientious and sincere, she meets all the deadlines with a chuckle and a generous hand to help the rest of us meet them—"Oh, that's OK—I don't mind at all."



MARILYN MARGIL—Amazing us by being constantly amazed, "Is that good?" Naivété and freckles and curls on top; conscientious, lovable and friendly. Small and "young," she's the baby of the Costume Designers. Wonder why she gave up horseback riding? H-m-m-m—.



MARY MARTIN—Scrambles breathlessly through the door just after nine, one eye on the clock, the other on a dubious catch in her stocking. She is a staunch defender of Harper's Bazaar, Tattersall checks and expensive tastes. "Everything happens to me!"

..... *Bernie . . . Claire . . . Marilyn . . . Mary . . .*

... *Gwen . . . Helen . . . Louise . . . Ann . . . .*



GWENDOLYN McLEAN — Worry, worry—then her designs turn out best. Shades of gray, black, red and simplicity. She came to us from the wilds of Hoosick Falls to give us textiles and marmalade sandwiches. "I don't like her 'cause she calls me Gwendolyn."



HELEN MERRIAM—Footprints from the sands of Marblehead! She has tacked and jibbed through four years, becoming encrusted with barnacles of knowledge and always managing to meet impending deadlines. As serene as a calm sea, she has never fouled a line.



LOUISE MYERS—With humor she brings the wisdom of harvested years to our immature minds and leaves us nursing the desire to surpass her water-color technique. Eager for the truth, she shares it generously, and has kept the T.T. fires burning for two years.



ANN NELSON—Blond hair and rich pastel colors, quiet dignity and enviable efficiency—she has served her four years with unruffled calm, generosity and gracious understanding—and a sense of humor that she failed to hide under those bushels of reserve.





MARGARET NOKES—Perpetual ankle sox and saddle oxfords. Tall stories about that air-conditioned car—seldom with gas. Whimsical and witty are Nokes' jokeses. She keeps Nancy from starving, and is the supporting harmony for the latest jive tunes.



NANCY ORRELL—Perc, Alish, ducks; and knitting sox, sweaters, and mittens. Intricate color separations, hair up or down; tales of apartment life and that ever-vanishing budget. "But Tommy, the brush dropped" as she starts a problem for the third time.



NATALIE PHANEUF—Unpredictable and impulsive, Nat is either chained to her desk or contemplating plans for taking that elusive trip; she staggers in stockingless under a mountain of equipment one day, or comes barehanded, Persian-coated, the next.



EUGENE PHENNER—Eugene (if you can say it in ten syllables why bother with two) Phenner, our gentleman with the tongue twisting vocabulary who blushes when teased. Big brother to Nancy and pal to everyone. We think his heart belongs to the D. P.'s.

.... Peggy . . . Nance . . . Nat . . . Gene . . .

# *... Norm . . Jim . . Werner . . Freddy . . . .*



NORMAN RAUM—Amazingly good-natured—always managed to get in a conversation at the tale end. Silently Charlie grinned through miles of work, always papping up the victor in some fierce battle with a transparent shadow. "You can't pin anything on me."



JAMES REARDON—Long and lank blond—"Jim-dandy," blasé movie critic with the astounding laugh. Can turn a fancy step with the best—be she jitterbug gay or waltz triste. Many a morning hath there been seen, his head in the clouds, "Anybody got a light?"



WERNER ROTH—Blond and calm and unassuming. A hard worker, and a keen thinker with a pleasant smile. "I have no words—my voice is in my brush"; and yet to know him was to know that he had words, the quiet, assuring words of Teuton intelligence.



ALFRED RUGGIERO — Dark and handsome with a taste for blandes. Staunch ally of Andy's, who seems like a man sans country since the Army took his pal. Likes an argument on any controversial subject, has an interest for Pratt Institute, and also for sleep.





IRMA SAKLAD—Unique gesticulations tell the story that our ears fail to catch in a mile-a-minute explanation. Camp counselor in the summer, horseback riding in the winter. Industrious, assured and buoyant, jet in her hair and plaid in her skirt.

JOHN SAWYER—Jack of all trades, and master, too. Reading's painter laureate, ever dependable to focus an unfocussed spotlight, or stand on his head for Mr. Major. The engineer of diligently labored canvases. "But it's only a sketch, Mr. O'Donnell."



LLOYD SCHULTZ — We listened scarce comprehending the words as he propounded deep theories on sundry subjects, and gave more mature judgment on our earnest efforts. Half mad, half genius, a superb designer and a fiend for form and femininity.

RICHARD SHINE—Bursts of song from Gilbert and Sullivan and discussions on life in a variety of gay and serious moods. Singer and director, indispensable Dick indulges in no fanfare but organizes our affairs on a basis that brings quick results.

..... *Irma . . . Johnny . . . Shultz . . . Dick . . .*

# ... Sal . . . Stan . . . Jack . . . Peggy . . . .



SALVATORE SIMONE—Who has his individual way of doing things. "Of course, it's good; I did it." Then we smile and say, "We know." Spends his leisure moments priming his band for the big time, meanwhile giving his love and attention to the freshmen.



STANLEY STEFANOWICZ—Strength of opinion backed by man power; met all problems with good nature; sketches of rugged men and bloody battles. Life began at four when Stan "rolled out the barrels" and charged through basement doors with the might of Superman.



JACOB STRASNICK—Aaah, he's a good man! Inch-long lashes, station wagons and a flair for unangelic angels and other cartoons deluxe. Jake, the gracious host, with his rice krispies—coming from the house of a thousand kinfolk, and those kid brothers.



MARGARET SULLIVAN — Turbans, blue eyes and spikes. The D. P.'s study of diminutive pulchritude—size nine Peggy makes an excellent decoration for our communal studio. "And she has a good color sense, too," says her Celtic colleague and mentor, Mr. Gavin.





**ELECTRA VLAHOS**—The gal with "my married sister who lives in New York." With a twinkle, a chuckle and a knowing look, wrapped in that red sweater of sweaters comes Becky with knitting, mittens, knee-sox and apples—a pretty good ballerina too.

**ETHEL WATERMAN**—We waited—and waited—finally she spoke, loosing that inimitable and subtle humor. Half believer of our casual creed, her sensitive brush replaced the spoken word and we found unmoored vistas and profound wisdom in her work.



**JOHN WAY**—Detailed, meticulous paintings, fashion illustrations. Has a beautiful mother—and drawings of the same. John, the Irish thrush, waiting for Nelson Eddy to get hoarse, ever ready to show us how to do an illuminated manuscript or a conga.

**SUSSETTE WEIGMANN**—A Cinderella-sized shoe and a man-sized authority on everything from costume history to how come the equinox, horses, dogs, anything inside a book cover. Dexterity revealed in a technique as sensitive as her ear is to the classics.

..... *Becky . . . Ethel . . . Jack . . . Suzy . . .*

# ... Ginny . . . Essy . . . Georgy . . . . . . . . .



VIRGINIA WENDELL — Strawberry bland or redhead? Anyway, a tranquil one! (A letter a day will do it every time.) Ginny soothingly poured oil on the troubled waters—naïvété of vision plus a natural sense of design and connections in Washington, too!



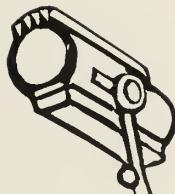
ESTELLE WHITE—Essy, with a taste for magenta, purple tans and enormous earrings. She put our troubles in their trivial place with bright quotations from her philosophy course. Where would we have been without her humor and her roll of Scotch tape?



GEORGIANA ZAFRIS—Black eyes, shades of India, our version of the Taj Mahal. She flavors our moments with excerpts from the latest boogie woogie and the newest stories with the usual Zafiris zest. Sat and knat—keeping someone "in stitches," no doubt.



## IN MEMORIAM



HERBERT HOFFMAN—An appreciation for beauty and truth, a perception and understanding for all things artistic, and an innate kindness marked him apart. For these, his memory shall be lasting.

# .... Marcia . . . Norley . . . Mac . . . Mike . . .



MARCIA HUNNEFIELD — Matched sweaters and skirts—long, long hair and blue eyes. We listened to tales of her escapades as she told them in a matter-of-fact tone. She's Harvard-proofed! Left-handed with a marked third finger and design with a flavor.



DOROTHEA NORLEY—A glamour-face—hair-do, eyes and all. Unlimited design abilities, illustrations with a dash and a persistent reticence about them. Looks calmly at life through a pair of horn rims and plaintively asks, "What's all the rushin' for?"



JAMES McDOWELL—An inarticulate, not so bashful boy-connoisseur of rare books, fine prints and other "things of beauty." Remarkable tastes embodied in a Huckleberry Finn candor. We hailed him as a "natural." "Did you see them Daumiers Connie got?"

MICHAEL GOLDEN—A newcomer, a theatre lover, a radical; Mike, who accepts no compromise, gets into more arguments than those about the proverbial chicken and egg. He can take a joke or give one and produces the ultra-modern in the Michael manner.

## THOSE IN SERVICE FROM THE CLASS OF 1942

Tall, lanky, lone senior of the modeling department, creating with an individual technique. A voice, deep and reserved, but to the point.



ALF BRACONIER

Jack of all trades, a finger in every pie—that was Tom, we found him represented in everything. He was always affable and sincere.



THOMAS BRUNEAU

The Student Association—Johnson, Normy and quick sketches. We weighed our many trials and tribulations on his dependable shoulders.



WILLIAM GUNN

The confidant of the G. D.'s definitely on the good side at lettering, layout and airbrush. French, with chic—a business man to the end.



ANDRE PAQUETTE

We miss the deep voice, the fund of information and those incredible puns. In service now, he will no doubt work his way up to a colonel.



ROBERT FILBIN

# Student Association



WILLIAM GUNN	PRESIDENT
NORMAN PALMSTROM	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY KELLY	SECRETARY
PAUL MADDEN	TREASURER
CALVIN BURNETT	CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE
AMERICO DiFRANZA	SENIOR PRESIDENT
CONSTANTINE ARVANITES	JUNIOR PRESIDENT
LOUIS CALNEK	SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT
RICHARD PALSON	FRESHMEN PRESIDENT

Due to some of the officers of the Association leaving for the armed service, new officers were elected to replace them.

ELECTED MARCH, 1942

AMERICO DiFRANZA	PRESIDENT
NATALE BELLANTONI	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY KELLY	SECRETARY
PAUL MADDEN	TREASURER
CALVIN BURNETT	CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE
JANET CROCKER	SENIOR PRESIDENT
MARY JO COOGAN	JUNIOR PRESIDENT
LOUIS CALNEK	SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT
RICHARD PALSON	FRESHMEN PRESIDENT

We had a surplus of ideas, a world of enthusiasm and a naive faith in our ability to solve all problems that might arise. Our idea surplus sometimes ran to a deficit, but we still had a lot of enthusiasm, thanks to the co-operative group with whom we worked. Of course, they made pretenses of evading the lariat as they passed our corridor office every morning, but once corralled, what prodigious gobs of work they turned out!

Our best efforts were shown in the Quiz Program, "The Mill on the Floss," the Christmas banquet and the February dance. To the student body as a whole, and especially to that faithful group, who brought their shovels when the digging became heavy, we are grateful.

BILL GUNN



## *Junior Class*

CONSTANTINE ARVANITES  
NATALE BELLANTONI  
ELIZABETH MALONEY  
DAVID BERGER

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

Due to some of the officers leaving for the armed service, new officers were elected to replace them.

ELECTED MARCH, 1942

MARY JO COOGAN  
LEONARD GOLDBERG  
ELIZABETH MALONEY  
DAVID BERGER

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

We find our third year at Massachusetts Art one of broadening vision and a realization of the responsibility we owe ourselves and the world about us. Some of us have chosen the easel and smock, or the armature and clay; others, the mortar-board and academic gown, the drawing board and airbrush, or the turban and sewing machine. Whatever our choice has been, we follow an ideal—be it a dream of creative beauty, or success in the business world, or both. Our heads are high, for we know that the muddy rivers of today's rain of destruction will be the crystal-clear ones of tomorrow's glory of achievement.

# Sophomore Class

Our Sophomore year! Another year of assignments, petty worries, and triumphs, disillusionments and high hopes. A year not so very different from the last, except that a struggle for self-satisfaction has largely replaced the desperate vying for others' recognition.

We recall with nostalgic fondness our idealized freshman divisions, and vaguely mourn for the disrupted little cliques about which our individual social lives of last year were centered. But now we have acquired active membership in a larger group, the Sophomore Class.

Our exuberance endures in the face of small setbacks; our idealism is still unsullied by too many traces of the practical. The brass tacks have not as yet loomed up too closely, and a rosy aura of remoteness cloaks the future from our eyes.

LOUIS CALNEK  
PHYLLIS RIEHL  
MARIE ANTON  
DANA VICKERY

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER





## *Freshman Class*

RICHARD PALSON  
MARIE SKELTON  
WILMA COZAD  
BEVERLY HALLAM

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

paint and modeling sticks have significance for us. All of these activities, the work interspersed with the play, make for adjusted, well-balanced individuals. As a group of normal young Americans, we know one way to face the future—as a challenge, our own challenge. Our class has more than one battle to win, and when 1945 rolls around, they'll say that we are the class that entered with an extra-big fight on our hands and came out on top.

With eager determination we Freshmen dedicate ourselves to the task at hand. Work is our intention, success our goal, and "Carpe diem" our motto. In the meantime, "record hops" and ping pong, tuxedoes and football, riding breeches and skating parties, as well as charcoal and T-squares,

# Yearbook

## STAFF

We were the chosen ones; the task was ours. We felt honored, perhaps even privileged—for a while. But like day passing into night, we saw the honor, the privilege, fading somewhat, leaving just a task, a big task, facing us. Our inspiration was still undaunted, we had our visions, but these soon gave way to the priority of work. Hard work became our only motto. Certain obstacles presented themselves—difficulty in assembling material, difficulties in producing it, and even more disturbing, an upsetting atmosphere due to the boys' leaving for service. Such things had to be considered and overcome as best we could. Thus it was difficult to compose a book in this period of transition, a book that must represent the memoirs of schooldays, the hopes of the future, and one that would remind us later of the seriousness of 1942. If this book has achieved these aims, we rest, our work now completed, to enjoy some of the honor and privilege of the task!

JOHN FULGONI

JOHN FULGONI  
VIRGINIA CUMMING  
GERTRUDE MAXIM  
MARY KELLY  
THEODORE GIAVIS  
JOHN SAWYER  
ELIZABETH MALONEY  
LEONARD GOLDBERG  
IRVING ZUSMAN  
ANDRE PAQUETTE  
GORDON ANDERSON  
BARBARA KIRKPATRICK  
CONSTANTINE ARVANITES  
PRISCILLA GOODWIN  
MARY BROWN  
BYRDE MERICAN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
ASST. EDITOR  
LITERARY EDITOR  
ASST. LITERARY EDITOR  
ART EDITORS  
ASST. ART EDITORS  
PRODUCTION MANAGER  
ASST. PROD. MANAGER  
SENIOR EDITOR  
JUNIOR EDITORS  
SOPHOMORE EDITOR  
FRESHMAN EDITOR



GORDON L. REYNOLDS, our

*President*

Young, dynamic, once a student in these same halls, he brings vigor and new ideas into our quiet academia and aligns scholastic duties with civic. He has made us increasingly conscious of our responsibilities as artists in the social order of this era. And due to his ability to face facts as they are, and to evaluate them for what they are worth, we are prepared for all purposes, practical as well as aesthetic. His interests are many and his capabilities extend to all of them; he is always willing to be of assistance, and offers suggestions on everything from trivia to vitally important matters. We owe a broader outlook on art and education and living to him; we shall be better artists and citizens for his effort.



MARY EDNA MURRAY, our

*Dean*



For her extraordinary understanding and broad tolerance of the ideas and actions of our ungainly generation, we are grateful. Interested in all of us, she eased us over many a hard spot with an encouraging word and smile. She willingly instructed us in Red Cross classes and gladly reminded us of things we should remember. She made our unpleasant duties seem less irksome, and we hope that our foibles and follies have not worried her too much. We shall remember her generosity and the versatility with which she handled kindly all students, good, bad and indifferent!

# Activities

Every school which would endeavor to present a well-balanced program to its students recognizes the need for extra-curricular activity. The students and faculty of Massachusetts Art, feeling that an art school is no exception to this rule, have organized various clubs and associations, which enable instructor and student to get away from the formality of the studio. The activities were chosen this year by vote of the student body; therefore they are especially representative of that group.

Among the Freshman and Sophomore girls, a Sports Club, formed last year, has become the nucleus of a growing movement. Through their efforts, accommodations were made for ping pong, volley ball and soft ball. At the same time, the boys formed their own association, with football and baseball the chief drawing cards. Presently the two associations merged to form the Athletic Association of Massachusetts Art.

With the call to mount persistent, the newly formed Riding Club enjoys a weekly jaunt to Weston. Such experienced equestrians as Phyllis Riehl, Paul Madden and Miss Lennon



administer "horse sense" and liniment to the more recent members.

Mascart continues to function under the direction of Annie MacDonald and Mr. Dunn and company. This year the spotlight is on Noel Coward's "Hands Across the Sea."

A new attraction is the Silk Screen Club, originated by Mr. Kupferman, and featuring lectures, demonstrations, and plans for future poster making.

Followers of "the-hand-is-quicker-than-the-eye" school, as ever, produce bunnies from thin air, under the direction of Houdini Hoadley in his Magic Club.

Miss Phillips' Crafts Club carries on with practical instruction in weaving, pottery-making, bookbinding and wood carving.

Spring, and the accompanying outdoor sketching, is the heyday of the Sketch Club, which operates informally under Mr. Philbrick.

No summary of Massachusetts Art activities would be complete without mention of the Art School Association, better known as the school store, a co-operative organization, run by the students. The boys behind the counter report that prices have been slashed to the bone; this has been made possible by the lack of overhead. The modest profit goes towards school scholarships.

This variety of activities, pleasant, informal and stimulating, offers a relief from classroom monotony, a breathing spell in the daily grind, making every student feel better for having joined in the fun.

MARY BROWN



.....FRANK L. ALLEN .....THERON I. CAIN .....ARTHUR CORSINI .....CYRUS E. DALLIN .....

Our authority on watercolor and Massachusetts industries. Has connections everywhere with everyone—usually precedes his conversation with "When I was in China...."



A warm heart behind a facade of impersonality. We lived in a world of black mirrors, plumb lines and TIC strips, and learned to use them all with precision.

A genial smile for bewildered freshmen, a restraining hand on over-exuberant sophomores, and a talent for finding something good in even the worst of us.



A celebrity who makes Massachusetts Art his stamping ground. A great man working with amazing vitality, we are extremely proud that we have studied under him.



Wistful reminiscences of Paris and a French viewpoint; teacher and couturiere par excellence, she molds illustrators from junior and senior C. D.'s.



Mr. Dunn's modern design makes the big difference—as Massachusetts Art moves ahead. Usually noncommittal, when he said it was good we would breathe a sigh of relief.



A newcomer to us and more—the ideal career woman; as pert and pretty as her sketches, yet surrounded by an aura of efficiency and a businesslike manner.



.....ENID E. DARIER.....CHARLES A. DUNN, JR.....LUCY FARNSWORTH.....GEORGE F. FITZGIBBON .....

..... MARTHA M. FLINT ..... PATRICK GAVIN ..... GUSTAV HAGEN ..... EDWARD W. D. HAMILTON .....



Wise, tolerant, never hesitates to delve into the profundities of a discussion on the purposes of modern art, or to produce witticisms at his own expense.



White hair—purple shades—sparkling eyes, and the spirit of everlasting youth. The costume designer's passkey to the fashion world and the industries.



Tweeds, crew cut, and mustache. New to us, we admire his dynamic and forceful architectural designs which belie his quiet and unobtrusive manner.



Our patriarch of painting with definite ideas on color and art. He made the Beaux Arts and "fringe" familiar, and constantly urged us on to better work.

Volumes of practical knowledge and a wistful longing for the stage. He made chalk talk and symmetry dynamic... willing to discuss anything with conviction.



Maintains among his students a perpetual state of eager anticipation which has a dual result—prolific work and a sincere admiration for the instructor.



Dark beauty, unique designs, and bursts of praise; enthusiasm that kept our hopes high, our dreams almost credible. A seismograph would best record her day.



Auburn-haired and charming, with a capability and keen interest in music. We saw her seldom but her work was evident: she made singers out of art students.

..... EDWIN A. HOADLEY ..... LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN ..... EMMA P. LENNON ..... MARTINA MacDONALD .....

.....ERNEST L. MAJOR .....ELIZABETH P. McDERMOTT .....ELLA MUNSTERBERG .....PRISCILLA M. NYE.....

With awe, we watched him fume, explode and fume again—but his classes, though stormy, were stimulating. A devotee and a critic both of the past and present.



Mended our broken English with calm persistence and fanned our literary smoulderings for four years. Gentle, quiet, unassuming — and bits of quiet philosophy.

Recounts the wonders of mysterious lands beyond the sea with vividness born of experience, enlivening them through the medium of a fascinating personality.



Charming, persistent, scintillating and effervescent . . . a wealth of wisdom and understanding shared with her bewildered brood even "after office hours."



Prodigious reader and philosopher, in whose presence we became transparent, existing only for those rare moments when he turned to us with a word of praise.



When we're stuck with lettering or bleeds or art, our logical port in the storm is "Pop." With an efficient business procedure he whips us into shape.



Kind and soft-spoken, with quiet words of encouragement. He loves teaching, because the seed of an idea he gave us might blossom full-grown from our minds.



.....LEO O'DONNELL .....PHILIP O. PALMSTROM .....OTIS PHILBRICK .....LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS .....

...RAYMOND PORTER ..... FRED J. THOMPSON ..... RUSSELL WAITT ..... EFFIE B. WHITTET .....



"Tommy" withstood interminable and often ridiculous questioning with expert endurance and a "What's the trouble, child?" A man to joke with and to cherish.



Admirer of the Greeks and Daniel Chester French, yet stoops to darning a "Miss Fishface" to prove his tolerance. Has a fondness for the West and Pavlova.



Voluble, explosive and sure of his subject, psychology. Dr. Waitt, a newcomer to our teaching staff, lectures enthusiastically and sidesteps no issues.

High in her isolated tower, E-1, lives our librarian and top-floor custodian; refuge of all in need of elusive facts, first aid, car slips or mere knowledge.



Small, capable, with a friendly, questioning "may-I-help" smile, racing typewriter, and innumerable white slips for A-floor—that's the Dean's new secretary.



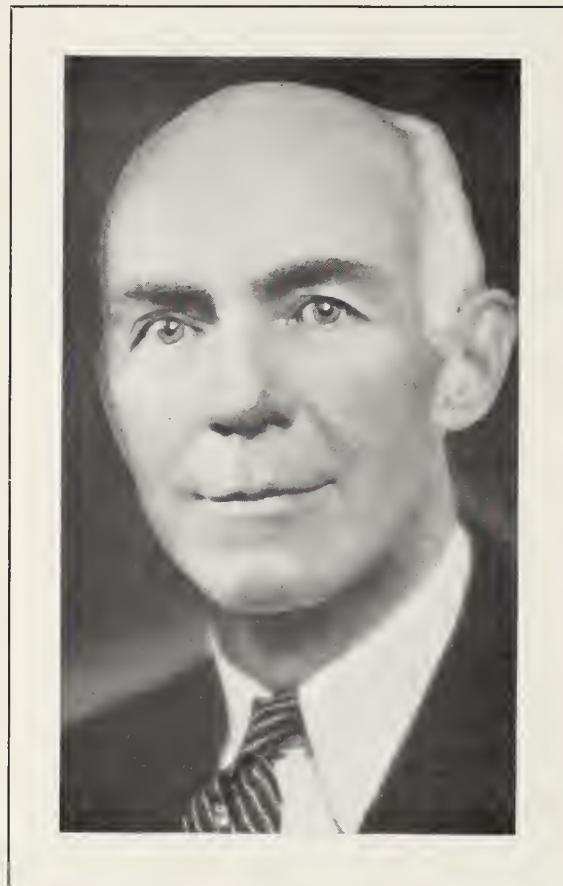
With an efficient manner and a businesslike "What can I do for you?" she told us when we could see President Reynolds and on what day vacation started.

We marvel as she achieves an amazing calm amid artistic indecision and the hustle of registration day, and maintains it 'til the last bustle of commencement.



.....HELEN AGO ..... ISABELLA DAMRELL ..... MARGARET WOLAHAN .....

# IN MEMORIAM



His delight in everyday living, his good nature and his way of bringing the facts of psychology within our reach, were a constant challenge to us. We shall remember his willing helpfulness, his earnest teaching and his thoughtful kindness.

J. MACE ANDRESS

# IN MEMORIAM



Architect, businessman, teacher—all of these incorporate the personality of him who left us suddenly. We recall in him the quality to inspire the practical. May he always be remembered for his tireless efforts to aid us to an artistic achievement.

ALBERT KENDALL

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Our Annual is again complete, another year of our life put into a book, to be kept always as a tangible memory. But to those of us who knew the responsibility of completing this task, another memory will be kept, one of co-operation from those who helped make this book possible. In our art editors, Theodore Giavis and John Sawyer, together with our literary editor Gertrude Maxim, and Virginia Cumming, the assistant editor, we found not only this co-operation but a spirit that was to make our book the best to be.

To Americo DiFranza, Theodore Giavis, Miriam Carpenter, Lloyd Shultz, and Eugene Phenner, we owe a vote of thanks for their scratch-board drawings on the title pages. While for the linoleum blocks for the senior and activities pages, we are indebted to John Sawyer and Calvin Burnett; James McDowell, helping with the spotings on the senior pages; Electra Vlahos, Alfred Bottaro, contributing to the lettering captions. Through the photography of Mr. Dunn and the capabilities of Miss Nye, an Art Education spread was successfully created. Perham Studios are to be congratulated for handling our class photographs so satisfactorily.

Gwendolyn McLean, Estelle White, Lois Edmands, Ted Krasnoborski, Josephine Gabalis, Abbott Gomberg, and Barbara Kirkpatrick, our appreciation for so capably doing the student and faculty write-ups. Robert Filbin contributed, from his post in the United States Army, a message of Democracy. In Miss McDermott, we found a steadfast guide, fostering our book in literary quality. In Mr. O'Donnell, a non-hesitation in checking our wavering tastes. In Mr. Palmstrom, wise judgment, leading us successfully into the completion of our task.

This book was printed and bound by The Abbey Press. The plates were made by the Lincoln Engraving Co. Paper: 80 pound Cumberland Dull Coated. Body type: 20th Century Monotype No. 605 in 8, 10, and 12 point. Display types: 24, 36, 48, and 72 point Phenix; and 36 and 48 point Koufman Bold.





